# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 7. MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 16, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

## How to Enjoy Religion.

(By the Rev. Alexander Dallas, in 'British Messenger.')

One Saturday evening, a good many years ago, a clergyman landed at Southampton, from the Cowes steam-packet. As the hour was late, he lost no time in inquiring for the public conveyances to Winchester, having engaged to preach on the following morning for a friend in that city.

To his surprise and vexation, the London night coach was full; and although a stage would leave Southampton early in the morning, he was unwilling to travel on the Lord's day. After some consideration as to the best course to be pursued under these circumstances he rang the bell for the waiter, and sent him for a gig.

HOW TO ENJOY RELIGION.

In a short time the waiter reappeared, and announced that the vehicle was at the door. Accordingly the gentleman took his seat, and being very weary, wrapped his cloak around him, and leaned back to compose himself to a quiet nap. They had not, however, advanced far before this injunction of holy writ came powerfully to his mind, 'be instant in season, out of season.'

The clergyman was accompanied by a stranger, and that stranger a servant: he would only be in his society a few hours that evening, and then, perhaps, might never meet him again. It was strongly impressed on him, 'be instant in season, out of season.' Accordingly the following conversation took place:—

'What is your name, my good friend?'

'My name is John Butler.'

'Have you lived long at Southampton?'

'Yes, sir; I was born there, and never lived anywhere else.'

'And have you always been in this business—that is, a driver?'

'Yes, I was brought up in the stables.'

'Did you ever go to school?'

'Yes, sir; my mother sent me to the charity school for a month or two; but I never took much to books, and so she gave it up. After that I went along with my father into the stables, and helped him a little.'

'I suppose you often read the Bible at school?'

'I never learned enough to read much, and I quite forget what it was we used to read.'

'But you have heard the Bible read in church, of course?'

'I can't say that I have, sir, for I don't often go there; I've too much to do for that. When a man has to get his bread in these hard times, he has to work every day, and all the day. Why, I am obliged to be out with my horse and chaise all day; though, to be sure, I can't always get hired. When I get back to-night, I shall just be able to rub down my horse, and give him a feed of corn, and then go to bed. And I must clean my harness and wash the chaise to-morrow; for perhaps somebody will want to go out with it, and I can't take people out in a dirty chaise; they would not like it.'

'Of course not; but you could leave the harness and chaise till Monday morning, and——'

'Oh no, sir! that would be impossible. What would people say if I should refuse to go out with them? They would say they would not have me any more; and then I should lose all my custom; and what would become of my family?'

'You had better offend your customers than break God's commandment to keep holy the Sabbath-day. But if you were to refuse those who came to hire you, and were to go to church and learn to read your Bible I am sure you would succeed much better in the week, and be a much happier man.'

'Ah, sir! it is very easy to talk about being religious, but when a man has to get his bread in these hard times he cannot keep at home on Sundays.'

'But do you not know that you are sinning against God by thus neglecting His Word? Do you ever pray to God?'

'Pray? I don't know how to pray, or what to pray for; not but what they used to tell me I ought to pray.'

'Suppose now I were to give you a prayer, would you always offer it?'

'Really, sir, I've no time for saying prayers; I've always too much to do. I cannot make that promise.'

'Oh yes, you can! the prayer I shall give you, you can say at all times. When you are in the stable cleaning and feeding your horses, when you are waiting to be hired, and even when you are driving along the road, you can pray the prayer I shall teach you.'

'Well, sir, I cannot recollect prayers, I never had a good memory. I'm sure I shall not be able to say this prayer you talk about.'

'Oh yes, you will! for I shall give you a very short prayer. There are only ten words in it:

'"O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit."'

'Well, that is short enough, to be sure. Let me see—what is it;'

'I shall divide it into three parts for you. Now say it after me. 'O God.'

'"O God."'

'"For Christ's sake."'

'"For Christ's sake."'

'"Give me Thy Holy Spirit."'

'"Give me Thy Holy Spirit."'

'Now try if you can say the whole.'

'"O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit."'

'Now do you know for what you are to pray? You are to say "O God" because He made you, and gives you daily your

food and clothes, and keeps you alive. If He chose, He could this instant take away your breath, and then you would immediately die. And He can make you happy, and deserves your love, and has a right to your obedience.

'He will not only take care of your body, but will take care also of your soul; and because He loves your soul He has written the Bible, that you may know what to do to be quite happy in this world and the next.'

'Was the Bible, then, written, sir, to make us happy? I am sure I did not know that.'

'Yes, it certainly was; and the Ten Commandments, if you were to obey them, would make you perfectly happy.'

'Ah, sir, those Ten Commandments, I've not obeyed them, and I'm sure no one ever could do all they bid us to do. Now I've heard one of those people who read their Bible say, that if we should only wish to do wrong, we have broken the commandments. Why, sir, it is impossible to keep them so.'

'The person who told you that was quite right; and if you pray as I tell you, you will find that he is quite right.'

'Then I cannot see how we are to be saved.'

'When God saw that man could not keep the commandments, He sent Christ into the world that men might be saved, not by the works of the law,—for if we offend but in one point we are guilty of all; and though we may think that we keep that law, and obey it perfectly, yet what is our obedience—our fancied righteousness—in the sight of a pure and holy God! How, then, can we be saved? Not by the works of the law, but by faith in Christ—by believing on Him coming to Him; for Christ died on the cross to save sinners, and if we believe on Him we shall be saved.

'I wish you also to ask God for the Holy Spirit, because the Holy Spirit will teach you of Christ, and will show you how sinful you have been, and how necessary it is that you should flee to the cross of Christ for salvation; for, remember, by Christ alone can we poor sinners be saved: "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus.

'This Holy Spirit, too, will help you to do what is good; for we are by nature so sinful that we can of ourselves do nothing good. He will also make you love your Bible, love prayer, and love all that is good.'

'And why do you say "For Christ's sake"?'

'Because Jesus Christ told His disciples before He left this world, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do"; and "all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive."

'God is displeased and angry with men on account of their sins; so much so, that Christ said, "No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." Christ is our Friend, and He is God's Son; if, therefore, we ask God in the Name of His Son, He will, out of love to His Son, grant us that which we ask Him for.'

'I am very much obliged to you, sir, and shall try to say this prayer over and over again, as often as I think of it.'

Having thus attempted to satisfy his conscience, the clergyman leaned back in the gig, and prayed earnestly that the seed he had been scattering in the heart of his companion might take deep root there, and bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of our Redeemer, and the salvation of an immortal soul. He knew that there lay in his path ten thousand obstacles—long and fixed habits of sin, utter darkness, and the society of evil and ungodly men.

But he knew that God's power had converted Paul from being a persecutor of the church, to one of its boldest and most zealous defenders; and he had himself experienced the same power in changing his own heart, and giving to him a love of Christ, and repentance for sins, and a desire of holiness, when he was a careless and indifferent sinner.

Besides, God's promise had been given, and His attribute was truth, and His nature was unchangeable. He besought Him, therefore, for His own name's sake, for His own Son's sake, in fulfilment of His promise, that this poor man's prayer might be answered, though he offered it almost in ignorance of the purport of its language. In these prayerful meditations this servant of our Lord passed the rest of his journey.

Thus musing, they entered the city of Winchester, when John suddenly said:

'Do you know, sir, that prayer you gave me I've been saying a great many times, and I've got it now quite perfect; and, I've been determining in my own mind to say it as often as I can.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, John; and I have been praying for you, that you may do so, and that God will hearken to your petition, and give you that which will make you a more useful, a happier, and a better man. He will not forget you if you do not forget Him. May He bless you!'

With these words they parted.

Several years had passed since the night in which this conversation took place, when the clergyman had occasion once more to visit Southampton. Passing through one of the streets, he saw, written in large letters, over the door of a neat-looking house, 'John Butler, licensed to let gigs, chaises, and saddle-horses.'

The conversation he had held with the driver on the Winchester road suddenly crossed his mind; and, wondering whether this could be the same individual, he walked up to the house, and, tapping at the door, inquired of a plainly dressed but respectable looking woman for John Butler.

'He is not at home, sir, but I think he may be in the stables. Johnny, go and see if your father is in the stable, and tell him a gentleman wants to speak to him directly. Make haste, go as fast as you can.'

The little boy was just running out, in obedience to his mother's order, when John Butler came in; and gazing for a moment on the stranger, he then rushed forward, and seizing both his hands with most affectionate earnestness, exclaimed:

'Are you not the gentleman I drove over to Winchester some time ago? You taught me that short but blessed prayer, "O God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit."'

'Yes, John, I am; and I hope you found that all I said was good, and all I foretold was true.'

'Oh yes! the Lord bless you, I have through the grace of God. I am a happy man now, sir, and all my family, thank God, are happy too; and all through that good advice you gave me, and the prayer you taught me.'

'Well, I am glad of that. How did you first become really serious—when, that is, did you begin to enjoy religion?'

'You shall hear all about it, sir. I used to say this prayer over very often to myself, and said it, as you told me, while I was at work, and at all sorts of times. And so I went on for some time, till one Sunday it happened I was not hired, and I was loitering near the church, and, as I had nothing to do, I thought I would go in and see what was going on; and the prayers were just over.

'The minister took his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."' And then, sir, he proved to me how great a sinner I was, and that if I was not washed clean in Christ's blood I never could be saved; and I began to think a good deal about my soul.

'So next Sunday I went again, and persuaded my wife to go too; and ever since then we have always, and I never afterwards went out on a Sunday with any one; never found that I wanted bread or clothes, and my wife will tell you how happy we have been ever since. And we always read a Bible which we have bought, and pray every night with our dear children, and God has indeed blessed us.'

Then his wife joined with him in thanking the clergyman for his precious advice, and the sweet little prayer he had given her dear husband.

The clergyman blessed God for His faithfulness, and thanked Him for His mercy, as the happy little family knelt around him, while he addressed the throne of grace on their behalf before they parted.

Reader, pray this prayer; and may God grant you an answer, for the sake of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ!

## Use Me.

Make use of me, my God!
  Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
  One whom Thou needest not.
I am Thy creature, Lord,
  And made by hand divine;
And I am part, however mean,
  Of this great world of Thine.
Thou usest all Thy works
  The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
  For all things wait on Thee,
Thou usest the high stars,
  The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hill;
  My God, O use me, too!
Thou usest tree and flower,
  The rivers vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
  That sings upon the wall,
Thou usest the wide sea,
  The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
  The lily in the brake,
The huge rock in the vale,
  The sand grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
  The murmur of the bee,
All things do serve Thee here,
  All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
  The meanest of them all.

—Bonar.

## The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 18., Sun.—Keep the Sabbath . . . for a perpetual covenant.

Feb. 19., Mon.—My Presence shall go with thee.

Feb. 20., Tues.—And I will give thee rest.

Feb. 21., Wed.—I know thee by name.

Feb. 22., Thurs.—Observe thou that which I command thee.

Feb. 23., Fri.—Six days thou shalt work.

Feb. 24. Sat.—The glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CAPTER VII.

THE FIRST 'BLACK ROCK' COMMUNION.

The gleam of the great fire through the windows of the great camp gave a kindly welcome as we drove into the clearing in which the shanties stood. Graeme was greatly touched at his enthusiastic welcome by the men. At the supper-table he made a little speech of thanks for their faithfulness during his absence, specially commending the care and efficiency of Mr. Nelson, who had had charge of the camp. The men cheered wildly, Baptiste's shrill voice leading all. Nelson being called upon, expressed in a few words his pleasure at seeing the Boss back, and thanked the men for their support while he had been in charge.

The men were for making a night of it; but fearing the effect upon Graeme, I spoke to Nelson, who passed the word, and in a short time the camp was quiet. As we sauntered from the grub-camp to the office where was our bed, we paused to take in the beauty of the night. The moon rode high over the peaks of the mountains, flooding the narrow valley with mellow light. Under her magic the rugged peaks softened their harsh lines and seemed to lean lovingly toward us. The dark pine masses stood silent as in breathless adoration; the dazzling snow lay like a garment over all the open spaces in soft waving folds, and crowned every stump with a quaintly shaped nightcap. Above the camps the smoke curled up from the camp-fires, standing like pillars of cloud that kept watch while men slept. And high over all the deep blue night sky, with its star jewels, sprang like the roof of a great cathedral from range to range, covering us in its kindly shelter. How homelike and safe seemed the valley with its mountain-sides, its sentinel trees and arching roof of jewelled sky! Even the night seemed kindly, and friendly the stars; and the lone cry of the wolf from the deep forest seemed like the voice of a comrade.

'How beautiful! too beautiful!' said Graeme, stretching out his arms. 'A night like this takes the heart out of me.'

I stood silent, drinking in at every sense the night with its wealth of loveliness.

'What is it I want?' he went on. 'Why does the night make my heart ache? There are things to see and things to hear just beyond me; I cannot get to them.' The gay, careless look was gone from his face, his dark eyes were wistful with yearning.

'I often wonder if life has nothing better for me,' he continued with his heartache voice.

I said no word, but put my arm within his. A light appeared in the stable. Glad of a diversion, I said, 'What is the light? Let us go and see.'

'Sandy, taking a last look at his team, like enough.'

We walked slowly toward the stable, speaking no word. As we neared the door we heard the sound of a voice in the monotone of one reading. I stepped forward and looked through a chink between the logs. Graeme was about to open the door, but I held up my hand and beckoned him to me. In a vacant stall, where was a pile of straw, a number of men were grouped. Sandy, leaning against the tying-post upon which the stable-lantern hung, was reading; Nelson was kneeling in front of him and gazing into the gloom beyond; Baptiste lay upon his stomach, his chin in his hands and his upturned eyes fastened upon Sandy's face; Lachlan Campbell sat with his hands clasped about his knees, and two other men sat near him. Sandy was reading the undying story of the Prodigal, Nelson now and then stopping him to make a remark. It was a scene I have never been able to forget. To-day I pause in my tale, and see it as clearly as when I looked through the chink upon it years ago. The long, low stable, with log walls and upright hitching-poles; the dim outlines of the horses in the gloom of the background, and the little group of rough, almost savage-looking men, with faces wondering and reverent, lit by the misty light of the stable-lantern.

After the reading, Sandy handed the book to Nelson, who put it in his pocket, saying, 'That's for us, boys, ain't it?'

'Ay,' said Lachlan; 'it is often that has been read in my hearing, but I am afraid it will not be for me whatever,' and he swayed himself slightly as he spoke, and his voice was full of pain.

'The minister said I might come,' said old Nelson, earnestly and hopefully.

'Ay, but you are not Lachlan Campbell, and you hef not had his privileges. My father was a godly elder in the Free Church of Scotland, and never a night or morning but we took the Books.'

'Yes, but He said "any man,"' persisted Nelson, putting his hand on Lachlan's knee. But Lachlan shook his head.

'Dat young feller,' said Baptiste; 'wha's hees nem, heh?'

'He has no name. It is just a parable,' explained Sandy.

'He's got no nem? He's just a parom'ble? Das no young feller?' asked Baptiste anxiously; 'das mean noting?'

Then Nelson took him in hand and explained to him the meaning, while Baptiste listened even more eagerly, ejaculating softly, 'ah, voila! bon! by gar!' When Nelson had finished he broke out, 'Dat young feller, his name Baptiste, heh? and de old Fadder he's le bon Dieu? Bon! das good story for me. How you go back? You go to de pries'?'

'The book doesn't say priest or any one else,' said Nelson. 'You go back in yourself, you see?'

'Non; das so, sure nuff. Ah!'—as if a light broke in upon him—'you go in your own self. You make one leetle prayer. You say, "Le bon Fadder, oh! I want come back, I so tire, so hongree, so sorree"? He say, "Come right 'long." Ah! das fussrate. Nelson, you make one leetle prayer for Sandy and me.'

And Nelson lifted up his face and said: 'Father, we're all gone far away; we have spent all, we are poor, we are tired of it all; we want to feel different, to be different; we want to come back. Jesus came to save us from our sins; and He said if we came He wouldn't cast us out, no matter how bad we were, if we only came to Him. Oh, Jesus Christ'—and his old, iron face began to work, and two big tears slowly came from under his eyelids—'we are a poor lot, and I'm the worst of the lot, and we are trying to find the way. Show us how to get back. Amen.'

'Bon!' said Baptiste. 'Das fetch him sure!'

Graeme pulled me away, and without a word we went into the office and drew up to the little stove. Graeme was greatly moved.

'Did you ever see anything like that?' he asked. 'Old Nelson! the hardest, savagest, toughest old sinner in the camp, on his knees before a lot of men!'

'Before God,' I could not help saying, for the thing seemed very real to me. The old man evidently felt himself talking to some one.

'Yes, I suppose you're right,' said Graeme doubtfully; 'but there's a lot of stuff I can't swallow.'

'When you take medicine you don't swallow the bottle,' I replied, for his trouble was not mine.

'If I were sure of the medicine, I wouldn't mind the bottle, and yet it acts well enough,' he went on. 'I don't mind Lachlan; he's a Highland mystic, and has visions, and Sandy's almost as bad, and Baptiste is an impulsive little chap. Those don't count much. But old man Nelson is a cool-blooded, level-headed old fellow; has seen a lot of life, too. And then there's Craig he has a better head than I have, and is as hot-blooded, and yet he is living and slaving away in that hole, and really enjoys it. There must be something in it.'

'Oh, look here, Graeme,' I burst out impatiently; 'what's the use of your talking like that? Of course there's something in it. There's everything in it. The trouble with me is I can't face the music. It calls for a life where a fellow must go in for straight, steady work, self-denial, and that sort of thing; and I'm too Bohemian for that, and too lazy. But that fellow Craig makes one feel horribly uncomfortable.'

Graeme put his head on one side, and examined me curiously.

'I believe you're right about yourself. You always were a luxurious beggar. But that's not where it catches me.'

We sat and smoked and talked of other things for an hour, and then turned in. As I was dropping off I was roused by Graeme's voice—

'Are you going to the preparatory service on Friday night?'

'Don't know,' I replied rather sleepily.

'I say, do you remember the preparatory service at home?' There was something in his voice that set me wide awake.

'Yes. Rather terrific, wasn't it? But I always felt better after it,' I replied.

'To me'—he was sitting up in bed now—'to me it was like a call to arms, or rather like a call for a forlorn hope. None but volunteers wanted. Do you remember the thrill in the old governor's voice as he dared any but the right stuff to come on?'

'We'll go in on Friday night,' I said.

And so we did. Sandy took a load of men with his team, and Graeme and I drove in the light sleigh.

The meeting was in the church, and over a hundred men were present. There was some singing of familiar hymns at first, and then Mr. Craig read the same story as we had heard in the stable, that most perfect of all parables, the Prodigal Son. Baptiste nudged Sandy in delight, and whispered something, but Sandy held his face so absolutely expressionless that Graeme was moved to say—

'Look at Sandy! Did you ever see such a graven image? Something has hit him hard.'

The man was held fast by the story. The voice of the reader, low, earnest, and

thrilling with the tender pathos of the tale, carried the words to our hearts, while a glance, a gesture, a movement of the body gave us the vision of it all as he was seeing it.

Then, in simplest of words, he told us what the story meant, holding us the while with eyes, and voice, and gesture. He compelled us to scorn the gay, heartless selfishness of the young fool setting forth so jauntily from the broken home; he moved our pity and our sympathy for the young profligate, who, broken and deserted, had still pluck enough to determine to work his way back, and who, in utter desperation, at last gave it up; and then he showed us the home-coming—the ragged, heart-sick tramp, with hestitating steps, stumbling along the dusty road, and then the rush of the old father, his garments fluttering, and his voice heard in broken cries. I see and hear it all now, whenever the words are read.

He announced the hymn, 'Just as I am,' read the first verse, and then went on: 'There you are, men, every man of you, somewhere on the road. Some of you are too lazy'—here Graeme nudged me—'and some of you haven't got enough yet of the far country to come back. May there be a chance for you when you want to come! Men, you all want to go back home, and when you go you'll want to put on your soft clothes, and you won't go till you can go in good style; but where did the prodigal get his good clothes?' Quick came the answer in Baptiste's shrill voice—

'From de old fadder!'

No one was surprised, and the minister went on—

'Yes! and that's where we must get the good, clean heart, the good, clean, brave heart, from our Father. Don't wait, but, just as you are, come. Sing.'

They sang, not loud, as they would 'Stand Up,' or even 'The Sweet By and By,' but in voices subdued, holding down the power in them.

After the singing, Craig stood a moment gazing down at the men, and then said quietly—

'Any man want to come? You all might come. We all must come.' Then, sweeping his arm over the audience, and turning half round as if to move off, he cried, in a voice that thrilled to the heart's core—

'Oh! come on! Let's go back!'

The effect was overpowering. It seemed to me that the whole company half rose to their feet. Of the prayer that immediately followed, I only caught the opening sentence, 'Father, we are coming back,' for my attention was suddenly absorbed by Abe, the stage-driver, who was sitting next me. I could hear him swearing approval and admiration, saying to himself—

'Ain't he a clinker! I'll be gee-whizzly-goldusted if he ain't a malleable-iron-double-back-action self-adjusting corn-cracker.' And the prayer continued to be punctuated with like admiring and even more sulphurous expletives. It was an incongruous medley. The earnest, reverent prayer, and the earnest, admiring profanity, rendered chaotic one's ideas of religious propriety. The feelings in both were akin; the method of expression somewhat widely diverse.

After prayer, Craig's tone changed utterly. In a quiet, matter-of-fact, businesslike way he stated his plan of organization, and called for all who wished to join to remain after the benediction. Some fifty men were left, among them Nelson, Sandy, Lachlan Campbell, Baptiste, Shaw, Nixon, Geordie, and Billy Breen, who tried to get out, but was held fast by Geordie.

Graeme was passing out, but I signed him to remain, saying that I wished 'to see the thing out.' Abe sat still beside me, swearing disgustedly at the fellows 'who were going back on the preacher.' Craig appeared amazed at the number of men remaining, and seemed to fear that something was wrong. He put before them the terms of discipleship, as the Master put them to the eager scribe, and he did not make them easy. He pictured the kind of work to be done, and the kind of men needed for the doing of it. Abe grew uneasy as the minister went on to describe the completeness of the surrender, the intensity of the loyalty demanded.

'That knocks me out, I reckon,' he muttered, in a disappointed tone; 'I ain't up to that grade.' And as Craig described the heroism called for, the magnificence of the fight, the worth of it, and the outcome of it all, Abe ground out: 'I'll be blanked if I wouldn't like to take a hand, but I guess I'm not in it.' Craig finished by saying—

'I want to put this quite fairly. It is not any league of mine; you're not joining my company, it is no easy business, and it is for your whole life. What do you say? Do I put it fairly? What do you say, Nelson?'

Nelson rose slowly, and with difficulty began—

'I may be all wrong, but you made it easier for me, Mr. Craig. You said He would see me through, or I should never have risked it. Perhaps I am wrong,' and the old man looked troubled. Craig sprang up.

'No! no! Thank God, no! He will see every man through who will trust his life to Him. Every man, no matter how tough he is, no matter how broken.'

Then Nelson straightened himself up and said—

'Well, sir! I believe a lot of the men would go in for this if they were dead sure they would get through.'

'Get through!' said Craig; 'never a fear of it. It is a hard fight, a long fight, a glorious fight,' throwing up his head, 'but every man who squarely trusts Him, and takes Him as Lord and Master, comes out victor!'

'Ben!' said Baptiste. 'Das me. You tink He's take me in dat fight, M'sieu Craig, heh?' His eyes were blazing.

'You mean it?' asked Craig almost sternly.

'Yes! by gar!' said the little Frenchman eagerly.

'Hear what He says, then'; and Craig, turning over the leaves of his Testament, read solemnly the words, 'Swear not at all.'

'Non! For sure! Den I stop him,' replied Baptiste earnestly, and Craig wrote his name down.

Poor Abe looked amazed and distressed, rose slowly, and saying, 'That jars my whiskey jug,' passed out. There was a slight movement near the organ, and glancing up I saw Mrs. Mavor put her face hastily in her hands. The men's faces were anxious and troubled, and Nelson said in a voice that broke—

'Tell them what you told me, sir.' But Craig was troubled too, and replied, 'You tell them, Nelson!' and Nelson told the men the story of how he began just five weeks ago. The old man's voice steadied as he went on, and he grew eager as he told how he had been helped, and how the world was all different, and his heart seemed new. He spoke of his Friend as if He were some one that could be seen out at camp, that he knew well, and met every day.

But as he tried to say how deeply he regretted that he had not known all this years before, the old, hard face began to quiver and the steady voice wavered. Then he pulled himself together, and said—

'I begin to feel sure He'll pull me through—me! the hardest man in the mountains! So don't you fear, boys. He's all right.'

Then the men gave in their names, one by one. When it came to Geordie's turn, he gave his name—

'George Crawford, frae the pairish o' Kilsyth, Scotland, an' ye'll juist pit doon the lad's name, Maister Craig; he's a wee bit fashed wi' the discoorse, but he has the root o' the maitter in him, I doot.' And so Billy Breen's name went down.

When the meeting was over, thirty-eight names stood upon the communion roll of the Black Rock Presbyterian Church; and it will ever be one of the regrets of my life that neither Graeme's name nor my own appeared on that roll. And two days after when the cup went round on that first Communion Sabbath, from Nelson to Sandy, and from Sandy to Baptiste, and so on down the line to Billy Breen and Mrs. Mavor, and then to Abe, the driver, whom she had by her own mystic power lifted into hope and faith, I felt all the shame and pain of a traitor; and I believe in my heart that the fire of that pain and shame burned something of the selfish cowardice out of me, and that it is burning still.

The last words of the minister, in the short address after the table had been served, were low, and sweet, and tender, but they were words of high courage; and before he had spoken them all, the men were listening with shining eyes, and when they rose to sing the closing hymn they stood straight and stiff like soldiers on parade.

And I wished more than ever I were one of them.

(To be continued.)

## The Dearest One.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Standard.')

Oh! which of all my dearest dears is most my very own?
Which do I pray for oftenest when bending at the throne?
'Tis not the one whose earthly cup is brimmed with earthly grace.
Nor yet the one whose winsome heart looks from the bonniest face:
The dearest dear of all mine own is one in greatest need.
The one whose burden heaviest weighs, whose path is rough indeed.
For him I claim the help of heaven, for him I cling about
The cross of the All-pitiful till flesh, and strength give out:
And still it is the neediest for whom I plead and pray,
What time I bring my dearest dear to Christ at fall of day.
If, all imperfect as I am, thus love doth reign in me,
How better far, and truer far, must Christ the shepherd be,
Whose greater love hath largesse for the weakest of his own—
Who, by the hunger and the thirst, the faintness and the moan,
Doth measure still the bounty that, outflowing day by day,
Uplifts and helps the weary one who falter-eth in the way.
Dear Love, sweet Love, thy dearest dear, 'tis he who most hath need,
Whose want and weakness are his prayer, and without word can plead.

## The Lot That Was Left to Hope.

(By Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Forward.')

Hope Lennox stood at the meadow bars, her sunbonnet pushed back on her head, her young face wearing a look of troubled indecision, and her eyes apparently studying the rails from which her fingers were nervously breaking bits of gray lichen. The man on the other side of the fence improved the opportunity afforded by her drooping lashes, and watched her with his keen gaze.

'My girls wouldn't stand it,' he said, breaking in upon her meditation with his odd, rasping laugh. 'They think they can't live without new hats, dresses, and all such flummery. They want pianos, pictures, and a chance to go off for a trip now and then, and I can't say I blame 'em. It's the sort of life young girls need; seems as if it belonged to 'em by rights.'

His daughters certainly had their rights, then, Hope reflected. The memory of a recent morning, when they had driven by with a flutter of light muslins and gay ribbons, while she, in her dark calico, had dropped out of sight behind the berry bushes, influenced her sudden question.

'What did you say you would give?'

'Well, the land isn't worth so much in itself, you know—'specially out here, where there isn't likely to be any business boom, or such like, as there might be in town—but seeing the ground is in a spot where it suits me, I'd give—' there was a scarcely perceptible pause, in which he eyed her sharply again—'I'd give you seven hundred dollars, seven hundred cash down.'

What a fortune that seemed! Hope's heart gave a bound, but she answered, quietly:

'I don't know what my father would think of it.'

'Your father?' There was a note of impatience in the man's voice. 'Oh, if there's so many to palaver with, I'm off. I thought the land was yours—that your Grandfather Morris left it to you?'

'He did.'

'And you're of age, ain't you? Well, then, it seems to me that you're the one to do the thinking, and settle the matter to suit yourself. Of course, if your father wanted to buy the ground, you'd naturally feel bound to give him the first chance, but any other way—well, I wouldn't expect a girl of mine to make any sacrifice for me. Country life is dull, and working day in and day out on a farm, without any advantages or chance for good times, isn't the fair thing to ask of a pretty young girl, 'specially when she's been provided for so it oughtn't to be necessary.'

Hope felt a vague sense of repulsion while he talked. His somewhat flashy dress, his cautious insinuations against the motives of those nearest to her, a certain coarseness underlying his air of superior prosperity, did not quite escape her criticism. At another time she would have resented his description of her life and the scarcely veiled hint that her father was selfish if not unjust, but now the appeal to her independence flattered her, and, above all, the offer tempted her. After all, whatever people might say of Mr. Ramsay's pretensions, he was a successful business man, and his daughters had, as he said, the things girls cared for. The flitting of their brilliant plumage, when they came to the country for their summer outing, had much to do with the discontent that had of late made Hope unlike herself.

'Well, what do you say?' Mr. Ramsay asked, once more recalling her thoughts to the matter in hand.

'I will think about it,' she answered, but that assurance was too vague to satisfy him.

'But you must have been doing some thinking already, I reckon—a sensible girl like you. I spoke about it the other day, you know, and you mustn't take too long to make up your mind. There's plenty of other ground to be had, if you don't want to sell.'

She could not bear to let the offered treasure slip out of reach, and she tightened her clasp on it at his words.

'I have not said I did not; I think I do—perhaps.'

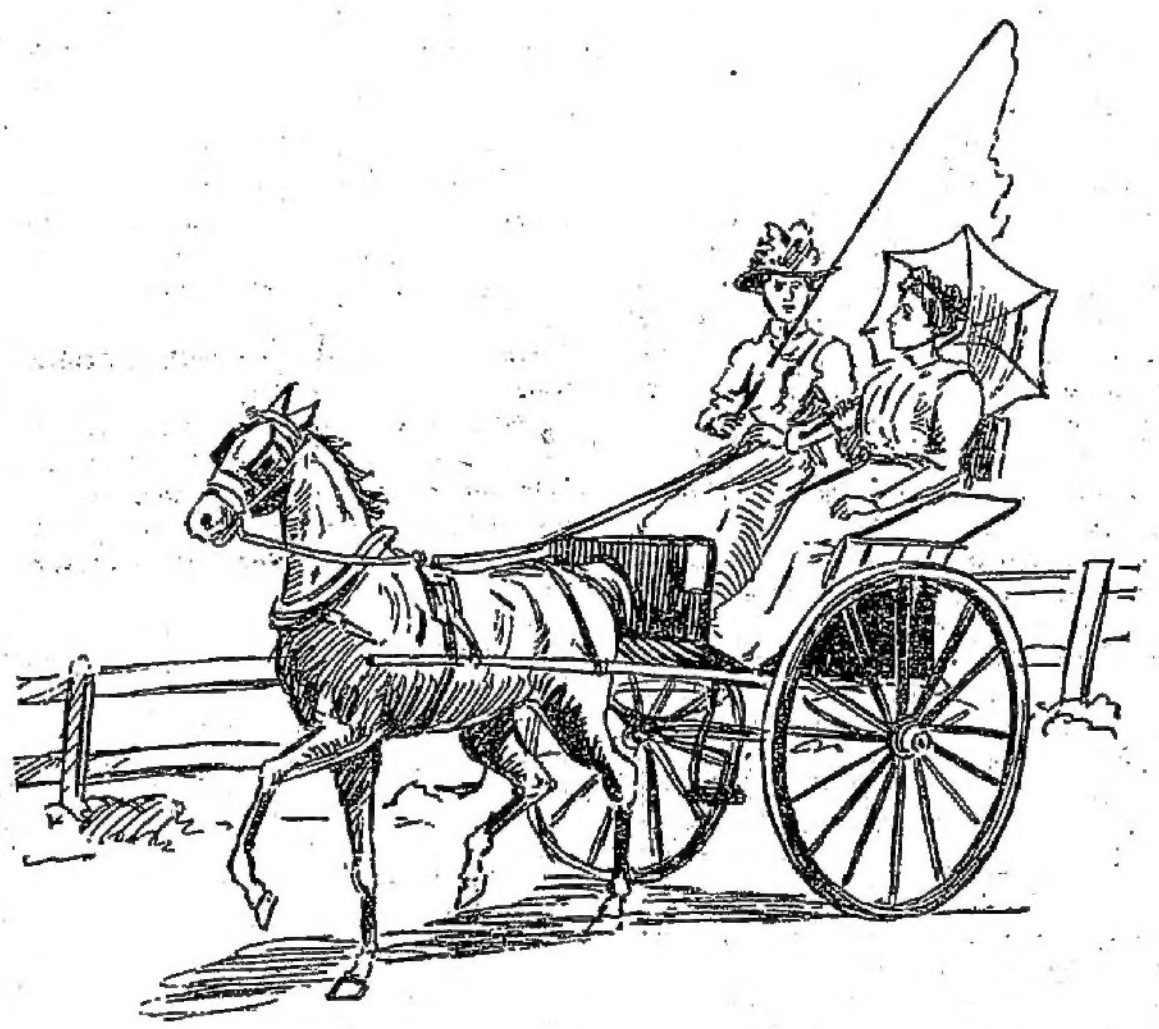
A quick gleam of satisfaction lighted his eyes for an instant. He drew a folded paper from his pocket and laid it on Hope's hand.

'I reckoned that's how you'd view it, being a sensible girl, as I've said, so I drew up a little agreement. It's a contract of sale. You look it over to see that it's all right, as I've told you, and then sign your name to it and mail it to me in the city. I've got to go back this afternoon, or we'd fix it up now. But I want you to be prompt, mind, and send it as quick as you can, so that when I come out the first of the week I can bring the notary with me, and make it all straight and fast. Now, remember, the property is your own, and you don't have to consult everybody about what you ought to do with it. Fact is, I'd rather the whole thing was kept mum. Too much talk might—well, it might hinder me in some other deals I'm thinking of. The seven hundred dollars will be all ready for you, cash-down. That's a mighty nice sum for a young lady to have, isn't it now? You can do a good many nice things with that.'

Nice things! Hope's head fairly whirled with beautiful possibilities as she walked homeward. The familiar stretch of fields that her feet had carelessly trodden since babyhood, and which her grandfather had left to her because she bore her grandmother's old-fashioned name, seemed as nothing to all the things that might come to her with the sum which was offered for it. Her land adjoined the home farm, and was only so much more ground to be cultivated—a part of the hard daily work. But the money! She would not spend it all for herself, of course, but it would do so many things for all of them. She was tired of all the old humdrum ways, she told herself, and why should she not do what she liked with her own?

Yet Hope Lennox never would have done the thing she did if the day had not been a particularly hard one—if her mother had not been called away to care for a sick neighbor, if the butter had not refused to 'come,' if the woman who usually helped on such occasions had not failed to appear, and if, while Hope was heated and tired from all the unwonted labor, the Ramsay girls had not driven gayly by the house. The sound of their light laughter floating in at the window was the proverbial 'last straw.' Hope straightened up at the sound, set her red lips firmly together, and marching up to her own room signed the precious document, put it in an envelope, and addressed it.

'There, it's done!' she said, with a flash of her brown eyes. 'I'm glad of it, too, and I'm not going to reconsider any more.'



THEY HAD DRIVEN BY WITH A FLUTTER OF LIGHT MUSLINS.

So the next morning the innocent-looking missive was intrusted to Jack to mail when he went into town.

What a strange day that was! At first, as Hope went about her work, she found pleasure in planning how her money should brighten the home—pretty curtains here, a handsome chair there, and a new carpet for the parlor. But presently less comfortable thoughts asserted themselves, and would not be banished. She wondered what her father and mother would say. Whatever they might think of her bargain, she knew what they must think of the way in which she had made it, of her secrecy and want of confidence in them. After all, why had she followed such a course? Why had Mr. Ramsay suggested it? It had seemed reasonable enough at the time, but now she could not satisfactorily account for it even to herself. She had fully intended to tell her mother all the while they were busied with their morning work together, but she could not do it. When she began to plan putting it into words, the whole transaction appeared in a new light. How could she possibly tell her mother—the sweet, tender mother, whose life was bound up in hers—all the story of unrest, envy, and selfish discon-

tent that had been surging in her heart these past days? How could she tell her that she was tired of the plain little home and its ways, that she was not willing to share its life any longer, and that she had sold her heritage without consulting those who loved her best, because she feared they might object, and she was determined to have her own will in any case? She had not meant it in that way, Hope told herself, but she could think of no explanation that would present the deed in any other light. What if it should seriously embarrass her father? That suggestion had not occurred to her earlier. The land was hers, indeed, but now as she remembered how it had always been cultivated and utilized as if it were part of the home farm, she wondered what its sudden withdrawal would mean.

For the first time in her life the girl avoided her mother's eyes, and tried to escape all conversation by finding tasks in another room. The hands of the old clock seemed never to have travelled so slowly as through that miserable day, and yet she shrank from reaching the hour that must bring her dreaded revelation.

Hope will never forget that evening. Outside was the soft sighing of the summer

"THE BUTTER REFUSED TO "COME."'

wind and the orchestra of multitudinous insects. A crescent moon showed its little rim of silver above the roof of the old barn, and from the grove beyond the meadow came the plantive call of a whip-poor-will. The night was pleasantly warm, but Hope, sitting on the low doorstep, shivered. Inside, the plain 'living room' was a picture of homely brightness and good cheer. A lamp burned on the table, and the little group about it were chatting contentedly. Aunt Hepsibah's voice led, of course, as it always did. She had run across fields for a bit of neighborly talk after the day's work, and her capable brown hands were making her knitting needles fly even while she 'rested.' Usually Hope would have been of the circle, but to-night she felt as if some great chasm of disgrace and pain separated her from them. Her father dropped his paper occasionally to join in the conversation, and the girl noted, with a swift, sidewise glance, how gray his hair had grown at the temples, and the stoop of his shoulders from heavy work. How hard he had worked for them always!

'I was noticin' your grain on that south slope, to-day—Hope's field,' said Aunt Hepsibah. 'It looks fine.'

'One of the best crops of the place,' assented the farmer in a tone of satisfaction.

'That slope would make a nice, sightly buildin' place if anybody could afford to put a good house there, wouldn't it?' suggested Aunt Hepsibah. 'I was thinkin' of that when I stood there to-day.'

'I wouldn't wonder if it turned out too valuable for that,' answered Hope's father with his quiet laugh. 'Not just that slope, maybe, but farther down toward the creek. You know that bed of sand they're making such a fuss over at Quigley's, and say it's about the finest thing in the country for iron molding? Well, I'll be surprised if we haven't a good deal more of it than Quigley—'

Hope could bear no more. She silently left her seat and walked down to where the farmyard gate showed white in the pale moonlight. This, then, was the reason for Mr. Ramsay's haste? What madness had possessed her to listen to him? The thought of loss to herself was as nothing to the feeling that she had wrought wrong and injury to those she loved, that she had thwarted her father's watchful care and planning for her welfare and that of the others. How they trusted and loved her, never dreaming that she, any more than they, could have separate interests.

'If I could only blot it all out!' she cried.

She did not know in how far her act was binding, but she was sure Mr. Ramsay would do his utmost to make it so, and would visit every possible penalty if she failed to fulfil the contract. And she doubted whether her father, so scrupulously honorable regarding his own word, would countenance any retraction should she attempt it. The thought of Mr. Ramsay's coming, and of the scene that must follow, seemed to Hope more than she could endure. She could never face that revelation, and she almost wished, in her girlish grief and desperation, that she might die and so escape it.

'Sis!' called a boyish voice. She heard steps coming along the walk, and knew that Jack had returned and was looking for her. 'Hope, where are you? Say, Sis, I'm awfully sorry, but I forgot all about mailing that letter of yours till I was nearly home again. I'll do it to-morrow, sure—honest Injun!'

'No! no!' Hope caught the envelope from his hand. 'I—I want to change it anyway.' Then suddenly her arms clasped her brother's neck. 'Oh, Jack, you are the dearest, darlingest, most blessed blunderer that ever lived!'

Her laugh had a sound suspiciously like a sob, and she sped into the house, leaving the astonished boy to meditate on the 'queer ways of girls.' Once in her own room Hope tore the fateful document to fragments, and then, standing by her window, lifted a wet face to the starlit sky with the deepest thanksgiving she had ever known.

'All blotted out! Oh, Father, I thank thee for saving me from myself!'

From the room below came still the pleasant murmur of voices as the girl went down to join the circle. How dear and homelike it all was, and how like a bit of heaven to feel herself safely a part of it once more! Jack was telling of his day in town, and of a pictured landscape he had seen in a store window.

'I'd like to have bought it for you, Sis. 'Twas the kind you like, and you'd have been just happy over it.'

'Thank you,' answered Hope, leaning on her mother's chair, 'but I don't really need it, Jack. I'm the happiest girl in the world as it is.'

## Weights.

(By W. C. Metcalfe, Peterboro, in 'Canadian Baptist.')

Tom Curtis was a mason, and a very good mason, too. Skilful and industrious and respectful in his demeanour, it was only natural that such a man should enjoy the favor not only of his employers, but of all with whom he came in contact. But together with all these good qualities Tom had his failings the same as other men—the little hole in the glass of the lantern through which the wind would enter and disturb the light within, without entirely extinguishing it. He had his 'weights,' one in particular, although barely conscious of it until the Sword of the Spirit pierced his heart and revealed it to him.

His employers had the contract for building a large and very handsome church, and Tom, in consequence, had regular daily work before him for several months. This church which he was engaged in helping to build, was to take the place of the small iron one but a few yards off, and which was found to be too small for the large congregation attracted to it by an earnest and popular preacher. It was to be a very splendid edifice indeed, and the preacher was indefatigable in his appeals for money to carry on the building of 'this beautiful church,' as he would style it. There were many, however, who shook their heads and thought—and very wisely too—that a church capable of accommodating an equal number of worshippers might have been built for half the sum required for the noble edifice then in course of erection, and would have given equal satisfaction to God, who regards not the style of building, but looks at the hearts of the worshippers therein.

In the small iron church, it was customary to hold a service every Friday morning, and Tom, if he happened to be working anywhere near, would sometimes catch a few words from the preacher's mouth when the windows chanced to be opened.

It was one beautiful morning in June, and Tom was busily engaged with mallet and chisel on a large stone which lay close beneath a window which was nearly abreast of the pulpit. The little flock of worshippers had gone in—the few earnest souls who gladly tore themselves away from the giddy, restless world, to join for a few minutes in prayer and praise to the great God of their salvation. Soon Tom heard the loud, clear voice of the preacher giving out the text for his address: 'Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith,' etc.

'My brethren,' came the clear, ringing tone through the window beneath which Tom was working, 'the Christian race is set before each one of us with Christ as our example and Christ as our reward. What a heavenly goal! Who would not strive to enter in? But, my friends, we are sadly hindered in running our Christian race. We have "weights" which hold us back, and besetting sins which if persisted in, must destroy all hope of ever winning Christ. Oh, that we who are running in this race for an incorruptible crown would but take a pattern from those who run for a corruptible one here upon earth. Such competitors must train and keep their bodies in subjection in order to fit themselves for the race, and on the eventful day

itself will lay aside everything which is likely to impede them. The Christian, to win the incorruptible crown, must do the same. He must lay aside his "weights,"' —here there was a pause, and Tom rested his mallet on the stone and listened eagerly for the next words. He was feeling greatly interested.

'Weights,' repeated the preacher, in such loud tones as rang through the building; 'oh, my friends, we have all of us "weights" which hinder us in the heavenly race. I see looks of surprise on many of your faces. I do not wonder at it. Many of you, perhaps, are scarcely conscious of the "weights" which are so surely hindering you, and the Holy Spirit alone can point them out to you. The "weights" are innumerable. There is that of worldliness and inordinate care for the things of this life; anxiety about standing well in what is called "society," and seeking the approval of man rather than of God, an inordinate love of dress—oh, what slaves of fashion some of us are! Then there is the love of money—a powerful, soul-ensnaring weight this is. Do we love money? Then, my friends, we are not loving God as we ought to do. God will not have a divided heart; you cannot serve God and Mammon. Then we come to those fleshly lusts which war against the soul. Drink! Ah, we all know what a curse drunkenness is to this country, and our hearts grow sick when we think of the ineffectual attempts made to decrease the consumption of this soul and body destroying agent. 'Be ye temperate in all things,' says the great Apostle, but, my friends, I feel that I am not far from the truth when I say that in many cases, I shall not say in all, even a very moderate indulgence in alcohol has been, and is, the means of hindering that full and holy communion which should exist between a soul and its Saviour; in fact, a "weight." It has become a "weight," and we only begin to recognize it as such when the Holy Spirit stirs up our Conscience, and tells us that it must be laid aside. Fathers of families,' went on the preacher, in loud tones, 'you may be temperate, only have your one "night-cap," or your "toddy" as you call it, before you retire for the night. But, I would ask you, what example are you showing to the members of your family and of your household? There is that eldest son of yours. He thinks of his father's "night-cap," sees him pouring it out nightly, does not fail to note how he enjoys it. What restraining influence is there to prevent that young man as he grows up from indulging in the same manner? And are you sure that he is to be endowed with the same strength of will as yourself, never to exceed one glass? Christ is not there as your example. Employers of labour! you have a vast responsibility. Your clerks enter your private room, and they may perhaps see you "doing business" with others over a glass of grog. They will think, many of them, that it is a right and proper way of "doing business"—by taking Satan into partnership—and when they advance they will do the same. "The governors do it," they will say, "it must be right." Christ is not there as your example! "Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."' Here Tom's foreman called him away, and he heard no more. But he had heard enough to give him cause for much reflection. When he reached home that evening, his unusually silent manner attracted his good wife's attention, and she asked whether anything had gone wrong with him during the day, but Tom only replied in the negative.

At eight o'clock, however, the secret unfolded itself. This was the hour in which Tom always had what he called his 'peg' of whisky, and regular as the clock struck, his wife would open the little cupboard, and taking out the bottle and a glass would place them before him on the table.

'No, Jenny,' said Tom, as his wife proceeded to open the cupboard, 'never no more. Put it back, Jenny.'

Jenny's face became radiant. She had long thought that her dear Tom would have been better without it, although he rarely took more than one glass, but she had never said anything to him about it, for he was a good husband to her and a kind, loving father to his two little children, and he had never gone beyond the one glass or 'peg' as he termed it.

'Oh, Tom, do you mean to—to—'

'Give it up? Yes, I do,' broke in Tom determinedly. 'Put it down, Jenny, and sit down whilst I tell you.'

'Oh, Tom, I'm so glad,' said Jenny, replacing the bottle and taking a seat.

'I've heard a sermon this mornin',' began Tom, 'and it struck me all of a heap, as you might say.'

'But you ain't been to church, Tom, have you?'

'No, Jenny, but I heard a part of a sermon as I was workin' under one of the windows. I never knew I had been doin' wrong as I had been. I've been allowin' a "weight" to hang onto me, Jenny—a "weight" the parson called it.'

'Whatever's that, Tom?' asked Jenny in surprise.

'A something that binds one in runnin' the Christian race,' replied Tom.

'Gracious, Tom! What is it? Do you mean—no, you can't mean the—"peg" of whiskey. You've never taken more than one "peg," as you call it,' put in Jenny.

'Yes, I know, and I couldn't see no harm in it until it was pointed out to me this mornin'. From what the parson said it's a bad habit just to take one glass when one really has no need for it. It sets a bad example, he said, and that no one could ever take a stand as a real genuine Christian, who was in the habit of takin' his glass, mind you, Jennie, his glass! He said that in many cases it destroyed a proper communion with God—and do you know, Jenny,' and Tom looked seriously into his wife's happy face, 'I've felt it so myself. When I've been a kneelin' down at the bedside to pray before turnin' in, I've felt a sort of careless-like and not penitent as I ought to have felt. So I've had enough of it, Jenny,' concluded Tom, 'and now we'll just put temptation out o' the way altogether,' saying which, he took the bottle of whiskey from out of the cupboard, pulled out the cork, and opening the window, poured the contents of the bottle on to the ground beneath. Jenny wept tears of joy, and throwing her arms around her husband's neck, kissed him warmly, thanking God the while for what had happened.

A few minutes later, Charlie Smith, one of Tom's pals, swaggered into the cottage. He was a reckless thoughtless young man, very weak and easily influenced, and was in the habit of dropping in of an evening at Tom Curtis's, and having a glass and a pipe with him.

'Good evenin', Messus Curtis; evenin' Tom,' he said, and then, noticing Jenny's wet eyes, he asked what had happened, and whether they had heard of any death.

'Death, Charlie,' repeated Tom, with a smile, 'well, yes; I've just killed a whiskey god and got rid of a "weight."'

'Whatever do you mean?' asked Charlie, looking from Tom to his wife and back again with wide-open eyes. Tom explained.

'I can't see any sense in what you've done,' said Charlie, when he had heard all. 'It's not as though you was a regular soaker. One glass is all as you ever took and 'ow's that goin' to 'urt yer?' and he looked somewhat contemptuously at his pal as he spoke. He had come in expecting his usual glass of grog, and was feeling greatly disappointed.

'Look here, Charlie,' said Tom, earnestly 'I've never spoken seriously to you before, but now that I've made a new resolution I feel that I can speak. Will you listen?' as Charlie betrayed symptoms of listlessness.

'Go ahead,' was the short reply, and Tom told him all that he had heard of the sermon, and begged him to take the same step that he had been led to take.

'You'll be better in health, you'll be better in pocket, but, above all, mate, you'll get rid of a "weight" which'll hinder you in runnin' the Christian race. Remember, old pal,' he added, 'this is not the only world we have to live in. There's a grand prize to be won at the end of this life if we will only strive for it by trying to walk in the footsteps of Christ.'

Charlie left the cottage feeling greatly impressed. He had never heard his friend talk so seriously before, and a week after that memorable event the two men signed the pledge together.

## 'In All Points Tempted.'

(Heb. iv., 15.)

As oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet;
Christ trod this very path before;
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

If we, beneath temptations stress,
Do fight against dark powers, within,
So in Judea's wilderness
Christ wrestled with the thought of sin,
When in a lonely, weary hour
The tempter came with all his power.

So tried as I this earth he trod,
Knew every human ill but sin,
And though the holiest Son of God;
As I am now so He hath been;
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity love and sympathy.

When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

To Him my eyes of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand;
Show forth in me Thy saving power;
Still be thine arms my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

—James Edmeston, 1847.

## Doubly Saved.

It was holiday-time with the boys of Beverley Academy, and when the school broke up each member said farewell to lessons, and prepared to enjoy his freedom after his own fashion.

Two of the most popular boys in the Academy, Frank and Alic Turnbull, walked homewards to the pretty villa where they had lived all their lives.

As Frank and Alic pushed open the garden gate this afternoon, Flossie, their little sister, came running out to meet them.

'Papa has come home,' she said, her pretty childish face looking clouded and troubled. 'He drove up in a cab this morning, Frank, and he looked awful. Not like papa at all.'

'Where is he?' asked the boys.

'In the library, and mamma has been with him ever since he came,' answered Flossie.

The boys said no more, but went slowly into the house. They were a little afraid of their father, and they were never greatly elated by his visits; for, indeed, he was so often away on business, that when he did come home to his family it was only for a short visit, and the children thought their mother looked sadder every time he came.

They saw very little of him that evening; and the next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Frank and Alic prepared to go out on a fishing expedition to a river a little way off. They took luncheon with them in a basket, and did not mean to return until evening. It was a glorious day in midsummer, and the boys' spirits rose as they walked quickly out into the country and came within sound of the roaring river, which fell over boulders of rock into dark pools beneath. It was in these pools that the boys knew there were hundreds of speckled trout swimming to and fro, and they laid down their basket on the edge, and prepared their baits for a good day's fishing.

DOUBLY SAVED.

Their excitement knew no bounds as the day went on, and one after another little fish was landed. They even forgot that they were getting hungry, and the afternoon was almost gone when Frank laid down his rod, and opened out the lunch-basket.

'What's that?' asked Alic suddenly. There was a rustling behind them, and both boys looked round to see where it came from.

'Why, it's father!' they exclaimed at the same time, as Mr. Turnbull, with uncertain steps, tottered to the edge of the pool.

'Come t' fish,' he mumbled vacantly, while Frank and Alic, with a feeling of horror creeping over their boyish hearts, were too much surprised to utter a word. Was this really father — this wretched man, who, even they could see at a glance, was stupefied with drink?

As they looked at him he gave a sudden lurch backwards towards the black water. Frank gave a cry and rushed forward. But he was too late. With a horrible splash the half-insensible man fell into the deep pool behind him.

For a second the boys stood still, too much stunned to know what to do. Their father's face, reappearing above the water, looked at them with horror-stricken eyes, that had regained their reason by the sudden immersion in the cold water. In a moment Frank had thrown off his coat and crept to the edge of the pool.

'I can swim, you know, Alic,' he said, 'and whenever I get hold of father you must hold out your fishing-rod to me and help to draw us in.'

With a few strokes he reached his father. Alic, trembling in every limb, held out the rod, which Frank made his father grasp, while he held him by one arm and struck out for the edge with the other. It was a hard struggle for the boys, for Mr. Turnbull, although now thoroughly sober, could not swim, and he was a heavy man. Once Frank thought he must give in; they seemed to be making no progress, and his strength was failing him. But he struck out with all his might, and gradually they reached the bank, just as consciousness left him.

When Frank opened his eyes again he found himself at home in his own room, and his father and

mother kneeling by his bedside. They gave a glad cry as he opened his eyes.

'Thank God,' said his father reverently. 'He has shown more mercy than I deserve, and with His help I shall never again taste what has been my curse all my life, and nearly cost me my son's life as well as my own. You have saved your father to-day in more ways than one, my boy.'—'The Adviser.'

## The Little Tame Sparrow.

(Christian Intelligencer.')

It was a dark, dreary, wintry day in the last of December. The snow was falling thick and fast, and as little Nellie sat by the window to get a better light for her knitting she wondered how a day could be so dreary.

'O mother!' she exclaimed, suddenly, 'Do look at that little sparrow on the window sill, he is shivering from the cold.'

'Where?' asked her mother, looking out of the window.

'Right there on the sill; don't you see?' said Nellie.

'O yes,' replied Mrs. Brighten, for that was Nellie's mother's name.

'Can't I bring him in, mother?' said Nellie .

'He would fly away before you could catch him,' answered Mrs. Brighten.

'But look, he is stiff with the cold. I don't believe he has strength enough to fly,' pleaded Nellie.

'Very well, if he doesn't fly away you may open the window and bring him in,' said Mrs. Brighten. 'You may go and ask cook to give you some bread for him if you like,' she added.

Nellie opened the window and slowly and cautiously put her hand on the bird. The poor little half frozen thing made a few feeble attempts to escape, but was too cold, and so was taken in by Nellie.

She took him to the kitchen, and there made a bed in a basket for him. She then put the basket by the stove. Providing herself with a piece of bread, she sat down near the basket to watch him. After he had been there about ten minutes he began to stretch his little wings and legs. After that he gave a feeble little 'peep! peep!'

Nellie kept perfectly still, but his sharp little eyes spied her, and he sat gazing at her, his little head cocked on one side and his bright eyes winking and blinking.

After a while Nellie broke up the bread and watched him eat it. If he had been strong enough to fly out of doors and get his own food, I am afraid he would not have been so tame as he seemed to be. The secret of it was, that he was not strong enough to fly and did not try to, and therefore sat meekly in the basket eating the crumbs Nellie had spread for him.

When he had finished the crumbs, and Nellie had tucked him safe in his little basket, she took him into the parlor to show her mother.

'Now mother,' she said, as she set the basket on the table, 'I'm going to ask you something.'

'What is it?' said her mother, smiling.

'It is this,' said Nellie. 'You know he will get well after a while and I want to know if I can tame him, so that he will fly, out of doors but always come back to me'.

'You may try, and if you can I do not object,' said Mrs. Brighten.

'O, goodie, goodie!' cried Nellie, 'and now, little mister,' she added, shaking her finger at the bird, 'I shall have to find a name for you.'

'What do you think would be a pretty name, mother?'

'I will have to leave that to you,' Mrs. Brighten answered. 'He is your bird, so you had better name him.'

'Well,' said Nellie, thoughtfully, 'I think I'll name him Blinker; he does blink his eyes in such a funny way. Yes, your name shall be Blinker, Mr. Sparrow. To-morrow I shall begin your training.'

'What are you going to train him to do?' asked Mrs. Brighten.

'O nothing,' said Nellie. 'I only meant by training that I mean to tame him.

'I hope you will succeed,' said her mother. Every day Nellie had Blinker eat out of her hand, and he got so that he would hop around in his basket, and try his level best to go and meet her. After a while when his wings grew stronger, he would fly out of his basket and light on her shoulder and peck at the bread she held in her hand. Blinker soon outgrew his basket and made his home all over the house.

Often when Nellie was preparing her lessons for school he would sit on her shoulder and watch her. Sometimes it would be on the table near her books.

And so the winter passed and Blinker spent his time with Nellie or with her mother. If they were not at home he spent his time with cook.

Blinker liked cook very much, for she always gave him something to eat when he came to see her.

The spring sunshine was now making the days very warm. Very often Nellie took Blinker out to walk with her. He would sit on her shoulder, gravely regarding everything he saw.

But one day something very sad happened. Sad to Nellie, but not sad to Blinker.

It was a lovely day in the first of June. Nellie sat reading in her swing under the apple tree with Blinker on her shoulder. Suddenly there was heard in the branches of the apple tree a loud 'peep! peep!'

Blinker started and answered the the call.

'What is it Blinker?' said Nellie, surprised at the way he acted.

But Blinker was gone, and as Nellie looked up into the sky she saw two little sparrows flying away rejoicing together.—Alice Howell, aged 11.

## Who'd be a King?

('Child's Own Magazine.')

Oh, I would be a king, and wear a crown upon my head—
A golden crown, and slumber in a gold and purple bed;
And every one would honor me, and all should bend the knee:
I wish some fairies needing work would make a king of me,
Oh no! there are so many things a king must never do,
I'd rather have a little farm, and keep a cow or two;
Far better be the miller's boy that whistles in the lane
Than to be king of any realm, from Tartary to Spain.
Alas! poor man, he has to live the whole year round in state;
He may not blow his porridge cool, or swing upon a gate;
He must not chase a butterfly—of course he may not run;
I would not be a king! he has so very little fun!

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 25.

## Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.

Luke iv., 16-30. Memory verses 17-19. Read Matt. iv., 13-16: Mark i., 14, 15. John iv., 46-54.

### Daily Readings.

M. Cana Again. Jn. 4: 43-54.
T. Nazareth. Lk. 4: 14-30.
W. Jubilee. Lev. 25: 1-17.
T. Coworkers. 2 Cor. 6: 1-12.
F. Our Report. Isa. 53: 1-9.
S. The Christ. Jn. 7: 40-52.

### Lesson Text.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. (17.) And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written. (18.) The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. (19.) To preach the acceptable year of the Lord. (20.) And he closed the book and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. (21.) And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. (22.) And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, It not this Joseph's son? (23.) And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country. (24.) And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country. (25.) But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land. (26.) But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. (27.) And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian. (28.) And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath. (29.) And rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. (30.) But he passing through the midst of them went his way.

### Golden Text.

'He came unto his own, and his own received him not.'—John 1., 11.

### Suggestions.

After working nearly a year in Judea, Jesus took his disciples to Galilee, passing through Samaria on the way, and at Jacob's well preaching that wonderful sermon about the Water of Life.

At Nazareth where Jesus had lived from his early childhood till the time of his baptism, the people were astonished to hear of the great miracles he had wrought in other places, and waited in half-scornful doubt for him to do something great in their sight. When the Sabbath came, the Lord Jesus went into the synagogue or church as he had been brought up to do. The habit of regular church going is one which we should be particular about. Jesus did not stay away from the service because he knew more than the Pharisees or those who taught and explained the Law. He went because it was his duty to be in his Father's house and to study the scriptures. If a man thinks that his minister does not give correct teaching he can still attend the service and spend the time praying that the minister shall be filled with wisdom from God.

Jesus having now the position of Rabbi, or teacher, was allowed to take the service, and standing up to read, was given the roll containing the writings of Esias or Isaiah. The lesson which he read them was the first few verses of the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah. When he had read a little he closed the book, gave it to the minister (servant or attendant), and sat down to expound to the people this prophecy concerning himself. Jesus came filled with the Spirit of God and anointed to preach the good news of God's love to men. His message is to the poor, the poor in temporal or spiritual or mental things, whoever feels a need of any kind is urged to accept the gospel and find therein a perfect satisfaction for every want and longing. Christ came to heal the broken hearted, he tasted suffering and death for all men, he knows how to sympathise, he can heal. He delivers from the chains of appetite, of custom, of wrong habits and of unholy thought. He gives perfect deliverance to those who give themselves wholly to Him. Jesus gives sight to the blind and opens their eyes to behold the beauties of God's Law.

Every eye was fixed on Him, every ear open to the voice of this prophet who had been so long known to them as simply the son of Joseph the carpenter. The Lord Jesus discerned and answered their thoughts and criticisms with the proverbial saying that no prophet is accepted in his own country. Elijah (called here by the Greek form, Elias) wrought no miracle for the widows of his own country at the time of the famine (I. Kings xvii., 9-16.) but brought relief to the widow of Zarephath who believed the word of God. It was not an Israelite, but a heathen leper (II. Kings v., 1, 8-15.) who was cleansed by the power of God through Elisha.

When the men in the synagogue heard these things and found that there were no special and wonderful miracles to be performed in their sight, they were suddenly filled with a great rage. They hated him with a mad unreasoning hatred and rising up in a mob dragged him out of the city to the edge of a steep hill over which they intended to throw him. But suddenly with a majestic dignity he turned to face them, and they, awed by his kingly demeanor, fell back to let him pass through their midst. His work was not yet accomplished and they were powerless to harm him.

### Lesson Hymn.

O Friend divine, when from our loved ones parted,
Where can the stricken fly, but to Thy breast?
Thou, Thou alone, canst heal the broken-hearted,
Thou, Thou alone canst give the weary rest.

Thou hast balm to heal all earthly sadness,
With Thine own peace the weary hearted bless;
Pour on each stricken soul the oil of gladness,
Comfort the sad and give the weary rest.
—'Songs of Pilgrimage.'

### Suggested Hymns.

'Who is on the Lord's side?
'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,'
'What a Friend we have in Jesus,'
'Come ye disconsolate.'
'What will you do with Jesus?'

### C. E. Topic.

Feb. 25.—The strength of humility. Luke 18: 9-14.

### Junior C. E Topic.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PRIDE.

Mon., Feb. 19. What is man? Ps. 103: 15.

Tues., Feb. 20. Pride and falling. Prov. 16: 18.

Wed., Feb. 21. Our many failings. Ps. 40: 12.

Thu., Feb. 22. The reward of humility. Matt. 23: 12.

Fri., Feb. 23. So much to be attained. Phil. 3: 12.

Sat., Feb. 24. Jesus' example. Matt. 21: 5.

Sun., Feb. 25. Topic—Why is it foolish to be proud? Luke 18: 9-14.

## Alcohol Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER V.—ADULTERATED LIQUORS —CONTINUED.

1. Q.—Name some of those drugs that are most used in adulterations.

A.—Strychnine, creosote, fusel oil, sugar of lead, arsenic, nux vomica, coculus Indicus, copperas, oil of vitriol, Cayenne pepper, and opium.

2. Q.—What is strychnine?

A.—One of the most terrible poisons known.

3. Q.—How is it used?

A.—In making certain kinds of whiskey.

4. Q.—What are creosote and fusel oil?

A.—Creosote is a very dangerous and powerful substance used to give cheap whiskey a smoky taste. It is then sold for Irish or Scotch whiskey.

Fusel oil is a rank poison produced by using cheap potatoes mainly instead of grain.

5. Q.—How are sugar of lead and arsenic used?

A.—To make champagne and other costly wines and cider clear, when they are muddy.

6. Q.—What is nux vomica, and how is it used?

A.—It is a drug from which strychnine is made. It is often used in brewing beer. The strychnine in it helps to make the beer bitter, and saves hops.

7. Q.—What else is nux vomica used for?

A.—It is used to sharpen up brandy, whiskey, and other liquors.

8. Q.—What is coculus Indicus, and how is it used?

A.—It is a violent poison, and is used in making beer, porter, whiskey, brandy, and other drinks, seem stronger.

9. Q.—What is oil of vitriol?

A.—Sulphuric acid, and when very strong it burns into and eats up the flesh like a red hot iron. When mixed with a good deal of water it is still capable of eating away and destroying the linings of the stomach.

10. Q.—Why is it employed?

A.—It gives heating qualities to liquors, and makes them appear of great age.

11. Q.—How is copperas used?

A.—It is used to give wines, ales, and porter a firm, frothy top.

12. Q.—Why is Cayenne pepper used?

A.—It makes the liquors burn the mouth, and so seem very strong.

13. Q.—How is opium ever employed in adulterating liquors?

A.—Opium is used more or less in all liquors and wines, because it produces a stupid rather than a noisy, intoxicating effect.

14. Q.—What else does opium do?

A.—It helps to keep a drunkard from howling too much and making a noise, while alcohol and other poisons are burning up his stomach and general system.

15. Q.—Why are poisonous drugs used?

A.—Because they are cheaper than the fruit juice, and more fiery.

16. Q.—Are other poisons used to adulterate liquors?

A.—Nearly every poison known to the world is used in adulteration.

## The Drunken Old Colonel.

A gentleman engaged in mission work tells the following story of the conquering power of love. One night when the meeting was over, he saw still sitting on one of the seats, an old man, who was the despair of every mission worker, and who for years had lived by begging and imposition. He had formerly been a member of a fine family, and a colonel of cavalry, but in the army he had learned to drink. He had sunk so low that the clothes upon him were scarcely more than rags, and he would stand upon the streets begging until he would have enough to get more liquor. He would come to the mission and seem very

penitent, in order that he might impose upon the generosity of the people. And after he had been helped again and again, the patience of this gentleman gave way, and this night he came to him very roughly and ordered him to leave the room.

'Colonel,' he said, 'I am out of patience with you; you are a miserable fraud, and you know it, and I want you to get right out of here and never come back;' and taking hold of him he put him out into the darkness.

As he turned back into the room the thought came to him that he had not been manifesting the spirit of Jesus, and he went back to the door and looked to see if he could see the colonel; but the old man had gone out of sight. He went up stairs with a sore heart, realizing that he had been untrue to his Master.

He was not able to pray at the family altar that night, and eagerly waited for the next evening, that he might see the colonel and ask his forgiveness for the rude way in which he had treated him. But neither the next evening nor the next, nor for three weeks did he see the colonel again. And all this time his own heart had been growing very heavy, and his one prayer had been that God would send the old man back to the mission.

At the end of the three weeks he attended a meeting of earnest Christian workers in that city and told them how he felt, and asked them if they would not pray with him that God would let the colonel come back under his influence again. They spent a large portion of the hour in joining in this prayer, and when my friend went back to his mission that afternoon there sat the colonel. He went up to him, and said,

'Oh, colonel, I am real glad to see you! I would rather see you than any one else on earth.'

'Why,' said the colonel, 'you don't mean that! You don't mean that!'

'Yes,' he said, 'I do, and I am going to treat you just the best I know how.'

So he led the old man into another room, and took off his clothes and bathed him with his own hands. And he said that upon his body there was not a spot where you could put your hand that was not covered with sores or vermin. And then he clothed him in soft raiment and took him to the barber to get his beard shaved off and his hair cut. And when the old colonel saw himself in the mirror he said: 'Who is that man?' and could scarcely believe that he was the same person. That night he came and knelt at the mercy-seat in the mission and rose up a new man, and has since been a faithful follower of Christ.—Bombay 'Guardian.'

## The Dawning.

Oh! what a dawning there would be
If Prohibition gained the day,
With breaks of this new century,
Came forth and flung the portals wide
Revealed a world where sin had fled
And everything was bright and fair,
With drinking—crimes and evil dead,
While good men ruled this land of ours.

And Janus, with his two heads stood,
One sad face gazing in the past,
The other smiling on the good,
And beautiful world in its dawn.
How dark, how very dark and black
Has been the world in which we lived,
He thinks, when turning to look back
On all the crimes and sin of old.

But as He sees the brighter day,
He scarcely can believe His sight,
So much of sorrow washed away,
And mankind is so happy now.
Why have men left the world so long,
To live its selfish, evil way,
When, if they had been brave and strong,
They might have hastened glory here.

O, brothers, sisters, one and all,
Let the next century dawn right,
Let each one hear the Father's call
And do his duty for the world!
Lift it from Satan's clutching hands,
Into the Heavenly Father's arms,
Oh! shatter all the evil bands,
That keeps it from a world of love.

MARTHA SHEPHARD LIPPINCOTT,
Moorestown, N. J.

# Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—Some of you have written asking if you are to send me the texts of the Find-the-Place Almanac every week. I just meant you to study them for yourselves, I think it would be a good plan if you would get a blank book or scribbler and write the texts in every week, then you would have something to show for your work at the end of the year.

I wonder what most of you do with your 'Messengers' after you have read them? One of you wrote to ask me for the address of some one in India who would like the 'Messenger.' This is the address of a Missionary lady who would be glad of any children's papers or bright text cards, Miss Ellen Todd, 3 South Road, Allahabad, India. You had better ask at your post office how many stamps you will need to put on a packet for India.

If you have written lately to the 'Messenger,' see if your name is in the list. Sometimes some of you write and say, 'please print my letter this week,' forgetting that there are at least a hundred letters in before yours, each waiting its time. And though we are very pleased to hear from you all, we may not have room for all the letters. I want to thank each one of you for your kind words about the 'Messenger' and your appreciation of the Correspondence Column.

Your friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

---

Cross Point.

Dear Editor,—I am learning the verses in the Find-the-place Almanac, and intend to do so during the year. Would like my name added to the 'Messenger' Honor Role of Bible Searchers. I like the 'Messenger' better every year, and we are all delighted with 'Black Rock.'

Your little friend,
ANNIE C. HARPER.

---

Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor,—I am learning the verse every day in your Find-the-Place Almanac. I have learned them ever since the year began. SAIDEE G. (aged 10.)

---

Oxbow.

Dear Editor,—I live on the prairie about eight miles from the nearest village. The prairies are covered with snow now, but in the summer time there are large patches covered with poplars. I have two sisters, five brothers and two half brothers.

EDITH D.

---

Cheapside.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother and one niece a year old. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Saunders. I like her very much. I go to the Union Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it fine.

LEAH MAY F. (aged 12.)

---

Chatham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at the St. Andrew's Sunday-school. And we have a club called Sunshine. And we are making a quilt to send to the missionary in India. Our club consists of ten girls. We meet every Saturday from two till four.

NONA J. (aged 9.)

---

Dear Editor,—I promised when I wrote last year, that I would write again, and I am keeping my word. We have a Sunday-school, but no Little People's Christian Endeavor. I am an associate member of the Y.P.S.C.E. I just love when consecration night comes. When you come to New Brunswick come down to the beautiful Miramichi where lives your seven year old reader, A. A. W.

(How very pretty the pansies were you enclosed! Ed.)

Galt.

Dear Editor—I got my mamma to write this letter for me. It was raining this morning and I had to go to Sunday-school. I don't go all by myself. I go with my teacher. Her name is Miss Ovens, and she always gives me the 'Messenger.' My ma reads the letters, and I do like to hear them, and asked my ma, if I told her how to do it, would she write a little letter for me, and she said yes. I am only about six and I can only tell you my letter. I can't write yet, but I go to school. Miss Peene is my teacher, and I like her. She can make nice things out of paper, things that look like pink ducks and birds. I just have my ma and pa to live with. I don't know any more to tell you now, only my pa took me for a long long walk to-day, far past the C.P.R. and my ma had no tea ready when we got back. She was sleeping. I only spend a cent a week for candy. Is that very much? BURNS DUNCAN.

---

Westford.

Dear Editor,—I live in the county of Bruce, Ont. I go to the country school, and have a mile and a half to go. I am 10 years old and am in the Senior third class. There are thirty scholars usually at our school. Our town is Teeswater. There are three hotels, three flour-mills and three or four factories.

MAURICE S.

---

Plymouth, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on the Turket river, seven miles from Yarmouth town. My papa is a carpenter, and works in Yarmouth. I have four brothers and a baby sister. My three oldest brothers and I go to school. The only pet I have is a little gray and white kitten. I take the 'Messenger' and papa takes the 'Witness.' I like to read the letters and stories in the 'Messenger.'

MARGARET S. (agd 7.)

---

Leamington, N.S.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a nice paper. I like to read the Correspondence best, and see what other little girls and boys have written. My papa keeps the post office and we get the 'Messenger' every Tuesday night when the mail comes in. My papa is a farmer. We keep a horse, two cows and three head of young cattle. We also have a pig and about thirty hens. The only pet I have is a very pretty kitty. I call it Daisy. I only have one sister.

ANNIE G. (aged 10.)

---

LETTERS RECEIVED FROM

Wm. Howard D., Daisy Collie, Rose Collie, Elva M. Crosman, Vera Tinline, Lizzie Ann, Michael M., Roy, Winnie, Ezra Snow, Pearl L. Mattress, Lily Dooks, E. A. W., Grace A. B., Gertrude A. M., George M. M., Ada M. Beer, Orville, Edna E., Eldon, Josie Macdonald, Laura Stillwell, Ethel A. Ward, Gertrude M. Tully, Freddie Sharpin, Ethel C. L., Lavenna Wark, Ralph H., Maggie Rose, Winnie Brown, W. S. G., Neil G. Rae, Mary H. Rae, Greta G. Gaskin, Kathleen Wilson, P. M. McLennan, Della, Alex McEwen, C. Roy McEwan, Katie Bogart, Samuel Buchanan, Viola M. Patterson, Harry M. Ackerly, Thomas J. A., Arthur Hamilton, Hattie Campbell, B. D. Moulton, Sarah A. A., Luella Z., Ada L. H., Nellie M. Hill, Jessie H., Roy Musgrove, Eva Allen, Pearl G., R. H. C., Archie R. Wellon, N. M. S., Edna F. Baird, Annie M. R., Pearl Snyder, Fred Elliot, Kenneth R. F., Marie S., Lucy D., N. E. Williams, Ralph Thomas, Jennie A. Robson, Rose E. Tibbitts, Jessie L. Herrett, Lois S., R. T. Motherwell, Ida E. Harold G., Emma H., D. H., A. F., Willie Spry, Ellis B. Roop, Etta Griffin, Carrie Potter, Nancy, Edd, Lizzie Lawlor, Victoria Laura Sinclair, Graham, Lily A. Robinson, Flossie R., Pearle R. S. Percival Sherk, Bertie Taylor, Johnnie Allan, Percy L. R., Ollie P. Freeman, Forest L., Lottie Brown, Arabella Gould, Edna W., Loyde P., Earl E. Smith, Royce G., Fred A. Shore, Mary Falconer, Annie C. Harper, Fanny Bain, Mary B. Smith, Mary M. Wilson, Norman Angus, Felis'a Wiltse, Guy Chester McCrum, Mary McCarty, Ella, Jeannetta E., Rosilla L., Howard, Jennie Burpee, Earl H., Annie, A. P., Lillian Killins, Lena, Excelsior, Martha Kirkpatrick, Hugh McLean, W. D. McLean, Jeanie Logan, Ethelyn C. M., John W.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## In the Cars--The Difference.

The day was hot, the train was a 'flyer,' the dust and smoke terrible, and the car well filled.

The train stopped, a lady came in, and, seeing no vacant seat, said to a gentleman sitting alone, 'Is this seat engaged'?'

'No, madam; you are welcome to it. Be seated.'

'Thank you, sir;' and she sat down, smiling her appreciation of the favor.

Again the train stopped, and a sharp-visaged lady came rushing in, followed by a young man carrying a large basket. Having gone to the middle of the car, and seeing no entirely vacant seat, the young man spoke hastily to a gentleman sitting alone, 'Is this seat taken, sir?'

'No, sir; you are welcome to it,' was the reply.

'Here, mother, you had better take this seat,' said the young man, 'I must get out, as the train is moving.'

'Well, this is a nuisance,' said the lady, as she glanced angrily first at the seat and then at the man, who by this time was packing himself close over against the side of the car so as to make as much room as possible.

'Be seated, madam; be seated,' he said, kindly, but timidly.

'Well,' said she, 'this is an imposition.'

'Not to me, madam,' said he, 'if it is not to you.'

'Well, but it is imposing on you,' she said, trying to soften her former remark.

'No imposition on me, madam. The seat is designed to accommodate two. You are welcome to half of it so far as I am concerned,' said the gentleman.

'Well, it seems to be the best I can do; so I suppose it's all right,' and with that she subsided, a grim expression of 'a victim of circumstances' pictured on her face. And they rode side by side for two hours without ever exchanging a word, he all the time looking out of the window, and she bearing herself as one out of sorts with the world.

These observations awoke a train of reflections. Why not be agreeable and pleasant, rather than sour and morose? Life's burdens are heavy enough without adding to their weight by finding fault with our environment. Under exactly the same circumstances one of those women was sweet-spirited, grateful and happy, while the other was rasping and badly out of humor with all her surroundings. How true it is that circumstances are largely good or evil, pleasant or disagreeable, favorable or adverse, according as we take them!—'Intelligencer.'

## Teaching Falsehood.

Farmer Thompson came in one day and found that some of the children had opened a gate and let the hogs into his corn. His temper came up in a flash. He began to shout and call the children. When they came running to see what was wanted, he began by storming out: 'Whoever done this is going to get a good thrashin', now mind it. Who left that gate open?' It was like saying to the little ones, 'Which of you wants to be thrashed?' No child could be expected to have the physical courage to invite a thrashing from an angry man. A lie was almost assured by his words and manner. The eldest, a boy of seven years, was the culprit. He was never known to tell a lie, but now there seemed no other way, for his physical courage was not very far advanced, and it was a plain impossibility for him to bid for that thrashing. He denied it; of course, the others also disclaimed any knowledge of the matter. The real culprit suggested that perhaps Farmer Jenkins, in passing through, had left it open. The storm passed over and the wrath subsided, but George felt so uncomfortable over his first falsehood that he could not endure it.

At bedtime, when Farmer Thompson was in a quiet, good humor, George found courage to make his confession. He had been sent to pull a basket of weeds for the pigs, and when he came through with his full basket he was so busy seeing the pigs take the weeds that he never thought of the gate again. He was so sorry for his carelessness, and so sorry he had lied about it. Here he broke down and sobbed on his father's breast, and, good man that he really was, he clasped the boy close and forgave him.

But, parents, it is too costly to force the little ones under our care into hiding their faults from us by denying them. The tender nature is injured beyond reparation, and no good is done. We but gratify our own ill temper and at such awful cost. All confidence between us and our children may thus be lost. If so, then all is lost.—Candace Smith, in 'Christian Oracle.'

## The Child and the Lily.

'Do people say that it is not the office of prayer to change the established order of things? Dear me, how often we parents grant the requests of our children without changing the established order of things, and is our Father in heaven less resourceful than we? Here is a simple illustration. Some weeks since my little grandson said to me: '"Grandma, the big, red lily is going to bloom soon." "Yes, darling, it is sending up a flower-stalk already." In about a week he is here again, and tells me the red lily has one blossom out. Still again he comes and remarks on the increased number of blossoms on the flower-stalk this time, adding the information: "Teacher wants some one to take a big, red lily to kindergarten." I answer the prayer in his eyes with the statement: "Grandma has only one red lily with one flower stem on it, and would not like to cut it, but he can have some gladioli to take to school." But he does not want them; disappointment shows in his little face, but he says no more until his next visit, when he promptly goes to inspect the lily, and rushes back into the house, with the exclamation: Oh, grandma, the big, red lily has another flower-stalk coming up!" There is no request, but I see the hope in his face, and answer, "Yes, darling, and if you come on Tuesday or Wednesday morning, you may have the one now in bloom to take to kindergarten." On the first-named day he is here bright and early, when we allow him with his own hands to cut the great hollow red stem, fully thirty inches high, with its cluster of deep red blossoms at the top, and he trudges off to kindergarten, proud and happy as a prince.

'Have I violated any law of nature in granting the child's request? Why specify a day in the future for doing so instead of the time when he first discovered the second stem? Because I know what the child does not know, that by that time the last bud will be open and it will do him more good than when only partially developed, also the first one open will soon fade and the whole cluster quickly follow the universal law of decay and death; so no one is injured or defrauded, but at the best time for him and the kindergaten his wish is gratified, because of his wish and his importunity. Surely our Father's providence is not more limited than our own. To suplaw is to suppose that he has created laws pose him bound hand and foot by his own greater than himself.'—Mrs. Lewis Wright.

## Selected Recipes.

Sponge Cake.—The simplest hot water sponge cake calls for four eggs beaten very light, the whites and yolks together, two cups of granulated sugar beaten in the eggs, two cups of flour with which has previously been sifted two even spoonfuls of baking powder. Warm the flour a little in cold weather. Finally add a cup of boiling water. Mix quickly. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Do not allow the cake to brown until it has risen in the tins. Bake it in two loaves about eight by ten inches in size and three inches high.

Popcorn Candy.—Put into granite kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water, and one cupful of white sugar; boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts of nicely popped corn; stir vigorously until the sugar is evenly distributed over the corn. Take the kettle from the fire and stir until it cools a little, and in this way each kernel will separate and coat with sugar. Of course, it must have undivided attention from the first to prevent scorching.

Old-fashioned Apple Pie.—Pare, quarter and core tart apples. Fill the pan full, sweeten, and grate cinnamon or nutmeg over the whole. Cover with an upper crust and bake.

## Our Book Corner.

'Bible Questions.' A Series of Studies arranged for every week in the year, by James M. Campbell. This book will be found interesting not only to pastors, but to those who have to prepare Bible talks for prayer meetings, etc. The author says: 'In the selection of these fifty-two themes—one for each week in the year—the attempt has been made not only to present the great evangelical truths of Scripture in their proper proportions, but also to adapt them to special occasions. The leading events of the Christian year, such as Christmas, Palm Sunday, and Easter, are taken up in order. Children's Day and Thanksgiving Day also receive appropriate recognition. That these old-time questions may become living voices, and may find a swift and hearty response in many a heart, is the prayer of the writer of these simple Bible Studies.' (Price $1.00. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.)


## ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
the grandest and fastest-selling book ever published
**PULPIT ECHOES**
OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART. Containing MR. MOODY'S best Sermons, with 500 Thrilling Stories, Incidents, Personal Experiences, etc., as told
**By D. L. Moody**
himself. With a complete history of his life by Rev. Chas. F. Goss, Pastor of Mr. Moody's Chicago Church for five years, and an introduction by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. Brand new. 600 pp., beautifully illustrated. 1,000 more Agents Wanted—Men and Women. Sales immense—a harvest time for Agents. Send for terms to
A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

FERRY'S SEEDS
Thousands of gardeners depend on Ferry's Seeds every year and never suffer disappointment. Cheap substitutes bring loss, not paying crops. It pays to pay a little more for FERRY'S SEEDS. Five cents per paper everywhere, and always worth it. Always the Best. 1900 Seed Annual free.
D. M. FERRY & CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST — SUPPER.



NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'